

An Epitaph on a Goldfish

(WITH APOLOGIES TO ARIEL)

Five inches deep Sir Goldfish lies,
Here last September was he laid,
Poppies these that were his eyes,
Of fish-bones were these bluebells made.
His fins of gold that to and fro
Waved and waved so long ago,
Still as petals wave and wave
To and fro above his grave.
Hearken too! for so his knell
Tolls all day each tiny bell.

LibriVox volunteers bring you 18 recordings of *An Epitaph on a Goldfish* by Richard le Gallienne, an English author and poet. This was the Weekly Poetry project for October 11, 2020.

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